The Ingenious Braggadocia;

Who thinks to Obliege by Boaſting of his Large Poſſeſſions, yet was very Unwilling to loſe much time in Wooing; but being Married, was in a Weeks time acquainted with an aching Forehead. To the Tune of, *Cook Laurel.*

BIBLIOTHECA·BODLEIANA

I have a Mare her Colour is White,
Sweet if thou love me tell me now;
To Ride on her Belly I take Delight,
And I cannot come every day to Wooe.
With hey my *Nanny*, with ho my *Nanny*,
with hey my *Nanny*, my *Nanny*, *Nanny*;
The more I do look, the more I love thee,
thou art kinder then ever thou uſed to be.

I have a Key but it wants a Lock,
Sweet if thou love me tell me now;
I have that will pleaſe wert under thy Smock,
And I cannot come every day to Wooe:
With hey my *Nanny*, &c.

I would not Wed when I was Young,
Sweet if thou love me tell me now;
But now I am Old I want a good thing,
And I cannot come every day to Wooe.
With hey my *Nanny*, &c.

I have a Houſe, and I have a Yard,
Sweet if thou love me tell me now;
But by the right owner I'm from it debar'd,
And I cannot come every day to Wooe:
With hey my *Nanny*, with ho my *Nanny*,
with hey my *Nanny*, my *Nanny*, *Nanny*;
The more I do look, the more I love thee,
thou art kinder then ever thou uſed to be.

The Ingenious Braggadocia;

Who thinks to Obliege by Boaſting of his Large Poſſeſſions, yet was very Unwilling to loſe much time in Wooing; but being Married, was in a Weeks time acquainted with an aching Forehead. To the Tune of, *Cook Laurel.*

BIBLIOTHECA·BODLEIANA

I have a Mare her Colour is White,
Sweet if thou love me tell me now;
To Ride on her Belly I take Delight,
And I cannot come every day to Wooe.
With hey my *Nanny*, with ho my *Nanny*,
with hey my *Nanny*, my *Nanny*, *Nanny*;
The more I do look, the more I love thee,
thou art kinder then ever thou uſed to be.

I have a Key but it wants a Lock,
Sweet if thou love me tell me now;
I have that will pleaſe wert under thy Smock,
And I cannot come every day to Wooe:
With hey my *Nanny*, &c.

I would not Wed when I was Young,
Sweet if thou love me tell me now;
But now I am Old I want a good thing,
And I cannot come every day to Wooe.
With hey my *Nanny*, &c.

I have a Houſe, and I have a Yard,
Sweet if thou love me tell me now;
But by the right owner I'm from it debar'd,
And I cannot come every day to Wooe:
With hey my *Nanny*, with ho my *Nanny*,
with hey my *Nanny*, my *Nanny*, *Nanny*;
The more I do look, the more I love thee,
thou art kinder then ever thou uſed to be.

I have a Pot that wants a Ladle,
Sweet if thou love, &c.
Come furniſh me then if that thou art able,
And I cannot come every day to Wooe:
With hey my *Nanny*, &c.

We'l leave off theſe Cups and fill up our Glaſſes,
Sweet if thou love me tell me now,
We'l leave off old widdows, and court young laſſes
And I cannot come every day to Wooe:
With hey my *Nanny*, &c.

It is not a week ſince I took me a Bride,
Sweet if thou love me, &c.
But I fear there's a Cuckold that lies by her ſide,
And I cannot come every day to Wooe:
With hey my *Nanny*, &c.

Once I had Silver, and once I had Gold,
Sweet if thou love, &c.
And once I had Land, but I could not it hold,
And I cannot come every day to Wooe:
With hey my *Nanny*, &c

And now I have ſpent and waſted my ſtore,
Sweet if thou love me tell me now;
I have Horns on my head which I ne'r had before,
And I cannot come every day to Wooe:
With hey my *Nanny*, &c.

And to be a Cuckold if it be my Lot,
Sweet if thou love me tell me now;
It is an old Trade that will ne'r be forgot,
And I cannot come every day to Wooe:
With hey my *Nanny*, &c.

In the City and Country ſome brethren I have,
Swe et if thou love me tell me now;
Whole wives do maintain them both gallant & brave,
And I cannot come every day to Wooe:
With hey my *Nanny*, with ho my *Nanny*,
with hey my *Nanny*, my *Nanny*, *Nanny*;
The more I do look the more I love thee,
thou art kinder then ever thou uſed to be.

Printed for *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, *J. Wright*, *J. Clarke*,
W. Thackeray, & *T. Paſſenger*.